Miss Ruth E. Springs
Brownsville, Ont.

254-11 Ma

Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, JULY 12, 1940. | 77th Year.

THE BLACK VALISE

By L. E. Eubanks

For the Messenger.

A TELEGRAPH office in a desolate section is a dreary place and visitors at such a station are few. But there was something more than surprise in Bruce Tipton's confusion when he answered the stranger's "hello" and looked the youth over.

That was surely a black valise he carried. Bruce thought he knew a valise when he saw one, and he wasn't color-blind. What a coincidence! Less than an hour before he had listened to this message over the wire from headquarters addressed to the conductor of the limited at Proctor:

HOLD AT PROCTOR FOR SHERIFF TO SEARCH TRAIN FOR YOUNG MAN WITH BLACK VALISE WANTED AT LOS ANGELES IN CONNECTION WITH A THEFT OF VALUABLE JEWELRY AND SAID TO BE HEADED FOR THE EAST ON THE LIMITED. ADDRESS THIS OFFICE IF FOUND.

S. CRAWFORD, SUPT.

The West Coast Limited had just pulled out, after drinking its fill at the water tank, and evidently the young man with the valise in one hand and a small suitcase in the other had alighted without being observed.

The agent continued to stare and the stranger, smiling, came on in. "You don't seem very hospitable, but I'd like to ask a question and wait here for the next train."

* * *

BRUCE was slow to find his voice. This fellow must be detained. He was only a youth and didn't look like a thief; but no doubt that valise contained the stolen jewels. Perhaps the boy had grown suspicious and feared to go on to Proctor. "Sit down," the agent finally said, "glad to do anything I can for you."

"I want to backtrack—go back to Clinton. When is the next train?"

"There's nothing till tomorrow morning that I can stop here," replied Bruce. "Westbound passenger trains do not take water here, and wouldn't carry you if they did. There's only the local at eight in the morning."

"That won't do," objected the youth, obviously worried now, "I want to get back as quickly as possible."

"It can't be done," insisted the agent. "Unless you want to start a marathon walk you'll have to stay here all night." And to himself Bruce added: "I'll know what's in that valise by then."

"A fine lot of hotels here," grinned the boy.

"Oh, you can bunk with me," answered Bruce, "that's my castle across the track—just an old box car bereft of its wheels but comfortable inside. You're welcome."

"Well, that's settled then, and I thank you. My name is Ralph Nestor; you wouldn't want a nameless guest, would you?" His good humor had returned, and Bruce liked his smile, and his courageous way of accepting the inevitable. There wasn't much difference between their ages and Bruce felt that he could like this fellow. What a shame that he was a thief—or was he?

* * *

RALPH'S next words revived the agent's suspicions. "But it would help a lot if I could send a message; could I do it without your knowing what I said?"

"That would be impossible, but why all the secrecy; in trouble?"

The boy's smile struck Bruce as more indicative of embarrassment than of guilty fear. "I'll wait," he decided; "am I keeping you from your work?"

"Not much to do," Bruce replied, cudgelling his brain for some way to see into that black valise. "I'm off at seven o'clock, then maybe we can find something to do till bedtime. Like to fish?"

"Yes."

"You could put in about three hours fishing before seven, then we'll have supper. Half a mile down that path beyond the track, where you see that timber, there's a creek. Up or down, you'll find they bite fine, and you can't get lost if you stay by the creek."

Ralph was interested. "Got the tackle?"

"Yes. Let's take your baggage over to my 'house', and I'll fix you out. I've a good lock on the door and your grips will be safe. Valuables in 'em, maybe?"

"Things I wouldn't want to lose, of course," replied Ralph, picking up the black valise and leaving the suitcase for Bruce.

"Snug place," was the visitor's comment on the freight-car home; "but don't you get terribly lonesome?"

"Yes, and that's the reason I'm appreciating your company so much that I'm lending you my favorite rod."

A few more directions, and Ralph headed for the creek, while the telegrapher, after locking the door carefully, returned to his work.

Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the king—
Else, wherefore born?

* * *

For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamped with the image of the King.

—*"The Holy Grail"*

TIME dragged. "I hate to do it," Bruce reflected, "but I've got to find out for certain. It'll take undeniable evidence to make me believe that fellow dishonest." He had waited an hour, and now returned to his house. "Might as well get it over."

To anyone spying on Bruce and familiar with his purpose, it would have seemed that it took a long time for him merely to examine the valise's contents. And when Bruce appeared the spy would have suspected disappointment and grief.

"I'm almost sorry I looked," sinking into his customary chair at his desk. "Of course it had to be there. Now haven't I got a job! I could avoid accusing him myself by wiring a hurry call for the police, and detaining him until they arrive."

But Bruce just couldn't do that; and he was still undecided when a cheerful call announced Ralph's return. "Got some beauties," and he held up the creel. "Don't you know it's after seven. You're not as hungry as I am or you'd know it."

"I like that boy!" muttered the agent, and aloud: "Be with you in a moment." He lighted a lamp, placed it on the telegraph desk, then opened the wire to ask permission of the dispatcher to be absent. He had hardly closed his key when Proctor cut in with a message for the superintendent at headquarters Bruce had to wait, so he listened to the message:

YOUTH WANTED NOT ON TRAIN. DELAYED FIFTEEN MINUTES AT PROCTOR CONDUCTING SEARCH. YOUR WIRE.
(SIGNED) D. SPELGER, No. 9.

"They'll know where he is before long," groaned Bruce, as he left the office.

"I caught the fish," laughed Ralph, "and now if you'll let me cook supper I'll not feel so much as if I'm imposing. Got a suspicion that it's been some time since you ate anyone's cooking but your own. I can do it, too; learned it on outings."

"That's fine," agreed the host; "the house is yours, go to it. Ask for whatever you can't find."

* * *

WITH the room lighted and the coal oil stove going cheerfully, things seemed so harmonious that again Bruce postponed the accusation. It was nice to have company; and this boy, who seemed to whistle or hum unconsciously at his work—when he wasn't talking in that honest, cordial way of his—was certainly a companionable chap. Bruce, completely nonplussed, looked at him so intently that Ralph remarked:

"Something's on your mind, pal; you're worried, and I believe it's partly about me. There's suspicion in your eyes."

"Maybe," was the evasive reply.

"There's nothing wrnog, not like you may think—that is, I'm not running from the law, or anything of that kind."

"If this is acting," thought Bruce, "he's the world's greatest hypocrite—and acting it must be, knowing what I do." He could not disbelieve what his eyes had seen, yet he found it hard indeed to regard the lad before him as a liar.

Ralph went on: "I'll tell you about it. I didn't want to, because I feared you'd think me a baby. I'm an only child, and I guess I've been spoiled. I had a quarrel with my parents and ran away. That was three days ago. The first day my anger lasted; the second I began to weaken. After I took the train at Clinton, I got to feeling so mean that I resolved to get off at the next stop and go back on the next train. That's how you came to be honored with my regal presence." Again that frank, boyish laugh.

"That's not all, is it?" encouraged the listener, feeling that a confession might ease the strain of the situation.

"That's all—except that I'll never again give my parents the misery I'm sure I've caused. Father is regarded as wealthy, and they'll think I've been kidnapped. Not going to call me a baby?"

"Not by any means," was the serious reply. "But, but——"

"I can't see why you don't believe me," and Ralph was still smiling—"and I want you to because I like you immensely."

"Nothing I'd like better than to believe you, but——"

"Let's forget it now," suggested Ralph; "supper's nearly ready, and after we've eaten we can go to the office and wire my father; and his answer will satisfy you."

Bruce was glad to acquiesce. "A great officer I'd make," he reflected—"believe in a smooth talker's explanation right in the face of evidence against him!"

* * *

THE visitor ate heartily. Bruce made a pretence, out of appreciation of the really excellent meal; but he was anxious to send that message. Perhaps the answer would help him to decide what to do.

Hardly had the door been opened when two men pushed into the room, one with a pistol in his hand. Outlined in the darkness nearby was an automobile. Bruce glimpsed it before the intruders slammed the door.

"Got you at last," snapped the man with the pistol, looking at Ralph—"Where's the black valise?"

Ralph was frightened, but Bruce observed that he did not look guilty. "I have a black valise; there it is."

The other man pounced upon the grip. "You mean you did have one; this is ours. I'm not blaming you, kid, but you've made us a lot of trouble. Bill thought the safest plan with a package of jewels was to act careless like. He did—with the result that you picked up our valise instead of yours, and got too far away for us to stop you. Had to beat the train to Proctor, and when we found that you wasn't aboard, we knew this was about the only place where you'd get off."

Had the others been less interested in the procedings, they might have heard a great sigh of relief from the telegrapher.

"You're surely mistaken," replied Ralph. "I'll show you." He produced a key, but found that it would not fit—in fact, would not enter the lock. "I haven't had occasion to open it since I left Clinton, just keepsakes; the things I need are in my suitcase."

"I jammed the lock when I put the jewels in," explained Bill—"so nobody could look in too easily. It's plain enough you haven't tampered with it."

"Better cut it open and make sure," suggested the man with the weapon.

"No time for that now. I'll take it on to the car, and you come as soon as you see that these fellows haven't a gun to fire at our backs."

"You're perfectly safe," grinned Bruce, not at all frightened, "as far as we are concerned; but the sheriff is due here any minute on another matter. Just a hint." He winked at Ralph.

Left to themselves, Ralph sank weakly to a seat. "What's it all about?"

Bruce shook his hand vigorously. "I'm a poor detective, but a good judge of character. And we're okey. I'll explain the whole thing later, but now we've got to get out my rail motor car and skip out for Clinton—before those men discover that they haven't got the jewels. We had no chance to capture them, but we can take the property to the police at Clinton."

"They haven't got the jewels? Who has?"

"I have—hid in the station. While you fished I cut the bottom out of the valise, after I couldn't open it; took out the valuables, replaced the weight with pebbles, and glued the bottom back. Let's hurry. I'll bring the police back, and if those fellows return they'll be captured."

The theatrical touring company gave a performance of "King Lear" and the local critic wrote:— "If Shakespeare could have seen his play performed he would have turned in his grave."

Next night the same company did "Othello", and the leading actor thought he had made a hit this time until he opened his paper and read:— "We thank the company at the Buskin Theatre. Shakespeare is now on his back again."

HOME-MAKER HANDS

By Adna Byrd

For the Messenger.

HAZEL KENNY brought the tray into the kitchen. She set it upon the kitchen table and viewed its contents with consternation. Of the tempting breakfast she had labored to prepare, her mother had eaten scarcely enough to keep a canary bird alive. Fear reached up and clasped icy fingers about the girl's warm heart. She couldn't let that lovely fragile mother drift away to that distant bourne. Not if she could help it.

She looked about the dismal kitchen. Its dirty smoked walls were offensive to the eye. The floor was uneven and full of splinters. An old cupboard in the corner served as a place for dishes, pots and pans. The sink was without drain board. Her mother's lovely breakfast table and chairs lent the only touch of beauty to the gloomy room.

What a contrast to the beautiful colorful kitchen they had been accustomed to!

Hazel sighed. Her mother's illness was heart break over losing her lovely home and having to move into this rundown old place as well as bodily ailment. Her spirit was beaten, she could not summon enough courage to face and conquer this set back in the family fortune. The girl realized that. And she began to cudgel her brains for some means to cheer her mother as her hands flew swiftly from task to task her brain was busy.

She caught her breath at a daring thought. But why couldn't she? It wouldn't cost a great deal.

The morning work finished she went into her mother's room, looked upon her sleeping peacefully and tiptoed out. That was a good sight! Sleep and good food would mend the poor woman's health and buoy up her spirit.

Hazel glanced at the clock. It was not late. She had two hours she could call her very own. Gathering scrub brush, washing rag, soap and a pail of warm water she set to work.

There was the swish-swishing sound of the brush against the board wall as she coaxed up a fine lather of soap on the painted wood. She washed away the soap with warm clear water and stood back to view the result. The spot she had washed stood out like a beacon against the sooty wall about it. Joy leapt up in Hazel's heart. How she could improve that kitchen with the application of soap and water and "elbow grease."

* * *

HAZEL worked wth a vim and determination. She made progress too for she wanted to clean the entire kitchen that day. That was no small task she had set to do.

Near noon she paused to fix a dainty lunch for her mother. Carrying the tray into the room she was greeted with a fretful plaint from the sick woman in the bed.

"Oh, why did you bother, Hazel?"

"Aren't you hungry by now," asked the girl cheerfully.

"Not one bit hungry. I know I can't swallow a bite."

"But you'll try, won't you?" coaxed the girl arranging the tray on her bed. The girl had it in mind to see that the invalid took nourishment.

"Yes, I'll try," promised the sick woman. "It does look good but I don't feel like eating." She took a mouthful and began to eat. Seating herself in a nearby chair Hazel regaled the sick woman with tales of funny happenings of her school days until her mother smiled then laughed. She nibbled at the food.

Hazel kept up her cheery chatter until her mother relaxed and lay against the white pillows.

"I couldn't swallow another mouthful," she said with a sigh.

"Well, you did fool yourself, didn't you? Look, you have eaten enough for a canary bird at least," declared Hazel with a grin.

"Enough for a dozen old hens if you must compare me to the feathered world."

Hazel laughed at her mother's joke. And she was glad when the sick woman joined in.

"Now I'm going to fix you up nice and comfy." The girl suited action to words. "How's that?"

"Fine. You've a knack in a sick room. You'd make a splendid nurse!" said her mother weakly, but with more cheer than she had shown in many a day. Her mother's words of praise made Hazel's heart glad. She said:

"Sure, I'm a grand nurse. I'm going to have you out of this old bed before you know it."

She picked up the tray and bustled out of the room, and returned with a new magazine.

"This came yesterday. Wouldn't you like to look at it?"

"Yes, thanks," smiled the woman. Her face lighted with interest. Hazel loved that look on her mother's sensitive, intellectual face. That mother had been used to a cultured beautiful world. This new environment bowed her spirit as hot house flowers droop if exposed to rude weather.

"Hazel," called her mother. "Oh Hazel."

"Coming, Mother dear."

* * *

THE girl climbed down, wiped her hands, yanked off her apron and pulled the handkerchief which was protecting her lovely curls from her head. She took a clean and shining glass from the cupboard and filled it with water.

"I've brought you a nice cool drink. I'm afraid your nurse has been neglectful. We'll have to instal a bell, won't we."

Her breezy chatter brought a smile to the invalid's face.

She handed over the water and noticed her mother's gaze rest upon her hands. They were rough and wrinkled by the contact with soap and water. A disapproving frown creased her mother's forehead.

"Hazel, what are you doing in the kitchen?"

The girl withdrew her hands and placed them behind her. She felt like a naughty little girl.

"Oh scrubbing up a bit."

"Scrubbing. You'll ruin your hands, child. Couldn't that be left for a cleaning woman."

"Not my hands, Mother, they will smooth out in a jiffy."

Dear, dear mother, so very dear to her family, yet she did not understand that a cleaning woman was out of the question. There wasn't money enough.

The girl hurried back to her self appointed task. Swish! Swish went the brush against the wood work. At last the walls were done. What an improvement. Hazel surveyed the result of her labor with an approving eye. It felt good to give her back and arms a rest. She stretched and cast her gaze upward. Oh, but the ceiling was a fright. Well it didn't have her down. She'd get at that and conquer it too. Moving her step ladder to one corner she commenced. It was difficult using the brush upside down. The water ran down her arm, the soap lather spattered onto her face and into her eyes. But Hazel wasn't a person to give up. Difficulties only strengthened her resolve. She kept tackling that sooty ceiling bit by bit.

Hazel relaxed in a chair and gazed up at the ceiling. She had finished. And oh, how her young body ached with fatigue. She did not mind that she was so filled with that deep satisfaction of a task completed. After five minutes of delicious rest she pulled herself out of the chair. She

glanced at the clock. Oh dear, it was time to commence dinner. The twins would be home from school any minute now.

Slipping soft-footed into her mother's room she was glad to find the invalid sleeping. A daring plan was brewing in the girl's mind.

Tip toeing back to the kitchen she was deep in the mysteries of apple pies because the family liked apple pie so very much, when the twins came bounding in.

"Hazel," shouted Johnny. "You can't guess what happened at school today."

"Let me tell," cried Josie.

"Sh! Not so loud, please," cautioned Hazel. "Mother is asleep."

But she needn't have spoken for the twins had become quiet and wide-eyed in wonder.

* * *

THEY were gazing around spell bound. Presently Josie said:

"What have you done to this old kitchen?"

While Johnny went over to put an experimental finger against the wall feeling for wet paint.

A surge of joy sang along Hazel's tired nerves and aching muscles washing away much of their weariness. She laughed a low delicious note.

"Oh, I've been scrubbing up a bit."

"It makes the kitchen look like new," declared Johnny.

"It seems bigger somehow. And it is so bright and clean and smells so sweet," echoed Josie.

"Yes," said Johnny. "It is just like when you go out after a shower how bright and clean the outdoors looks. A person feels like bursting out in song. That is the way this kitchen makes me feel now. Gee Sis, you worked magic."

"Listen I'll tell you a secret." Hazel lowered her pleasant voice to a low mysterious whisper. "I want to bring mother out to dinner."

"Whoopee," cried Johnny soto-voice.

"Can she come out here to dinner," asked Josie incredulous. "She told me she'd never be able to leave her bed again."

Hazel reached over and patted Josie's cheek lovingly, leaving a dab of flour upon it.

"Mother was a bit blue when she said that, dear," she comforted the child. "We must cheer her up. That's why I want to bring her out to eat supper with us."

Hazel deftly slipped the pies into the oven. "We'll get things ready. And when Dad comes home we'll have him carry her out. But what happened at school today?"

"We had a spelling match," Josie informed.

"We won," declared Johnny.

"That's fine."

John laughed and Josie giggled

(Please turn to Page 5.)

The Antiquity of Skis

THE ski is frequently mentioned in the Norse sagas, says the Montreal Gazette. These sagas relate stories of both hunting and battles where skis were used and images of skiers adorn runic stones. All this shows that as far back as the eighth century A. D. the ski was used by the people of Scandinavia. But that it was known by these people as early as 2,000 B. C. was recently proved by the discovery of specimens in the marshes of Kalvtraesk, Sweden, which have been identified as of that period.

And at about the time the ski was being recorded in the Norse sagas, it was used for the same purposes in North Chna, as the preserved annals of the Tang Dynasty (A. D. 707-918) reveal. A London Times writer gives information concerning the use of the ski in medieval warfare in Northern Europe:

"The first historical instance of the military use of skis is the battle of Isen, near Oslo, in 1200, where ski patrols of King Sverre were instrumental in his victory. According to Saxo Grammaticus, in 1204, Norwegian ski troops from Finnmark overwhelmed a superior Danish force of King Ragnar Lodbrok somewhere in the region of Petsamo.

* * *

"IN the northern Seven Years' War (1563-70) the Swedes used ski soldiers against the Norwegians with great success. In 1590 the Finns had another opportunity of resisting on skis a Russian invasion. The Swedish armies in Polish campaigns were also equipped with skis.

"In 1718 ski training was introduced as part of regular mlitary curriculum in the Swedish and Norwegian armies and fifteen years later in the Prussian Army. In 1774 there appeared the first book of military ski regulations in Norway. At that time the necessity for camouflage was disregarded. A Norwegian ski soldier wore yellow trousers, a red jacket and a red 'Napoleonic' tricorne. But as early as 1788 the 'field-grey' appeared in Scandinavian armies, though the white overalls were a twentieth-century invention.

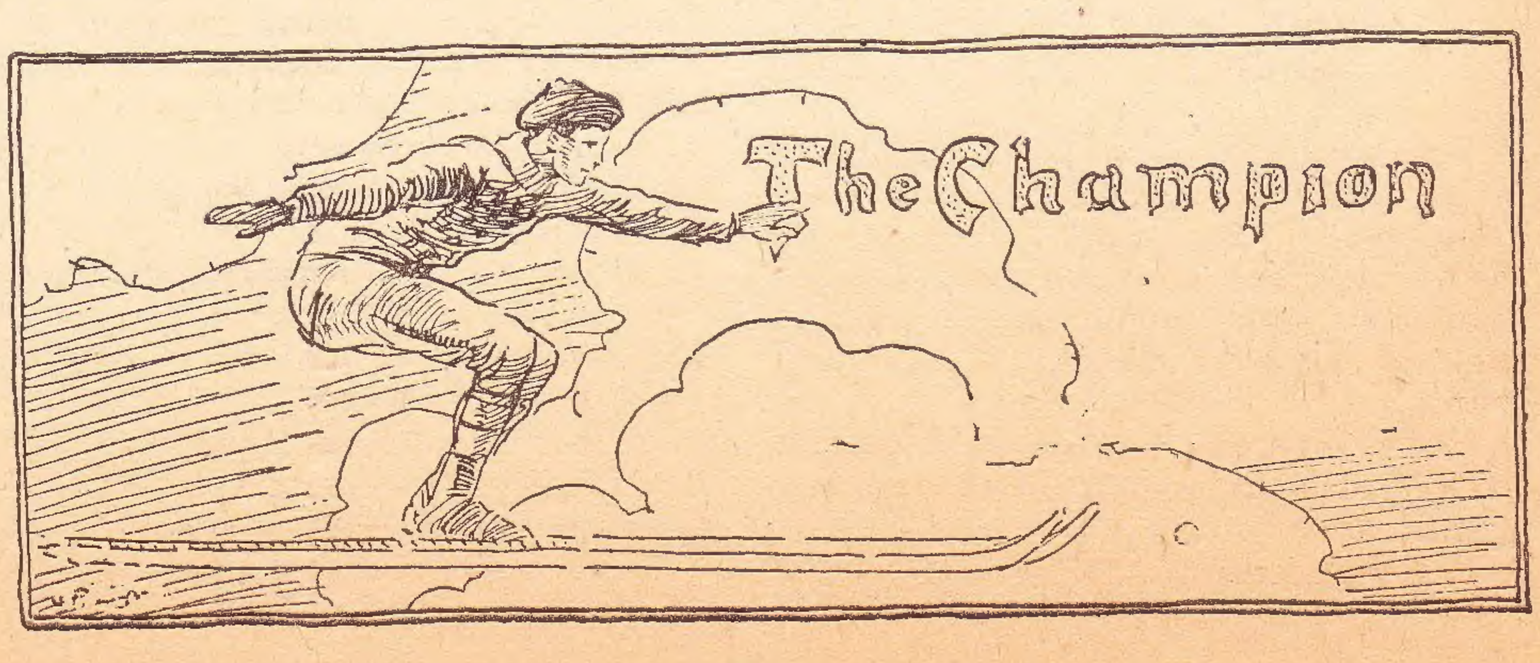
"Skis in those heroic times were of unequal lengths; the longer and narrower served for gliding, while the shorter and plumper ski, provided with a seal skin, was for climbing.

"There was also only one stick, but it was about twice as long as the present. In 1806 a Swedish captain introduced a stick with a bayonet on it; and so equipped the Swedes and Finns fought against Russia in the Finnish war of 1808-1809. In that war also the Russians attempted to cut Finland in two and were overwhelmed near Suomussalmi, though in the end they succeeded.

* * *

"IN 1902 skiing found its way into the French Army; and Germany, Austro-Hungary, Italy, and Russia recognized the tactical importance of ski units for scouting, communication and patrolling. The Russians at that time appeared to be expert in skiing. As early as 1891 a ski detachment of the Twentieth Russian Infantry Division performed a ten days' march of 697 kilometers in frost reaching 20 degrees centigrade. According to the German ski periodical Der Winter (1915) a Russian ski soldier was equipped with a sweater, a "bashtik" (a combination of a shawl and a hood) a warm woollen cap and felt boots.

"In the last war ski troops were used in the Alps on the Italian front, in the Carpathians and in the Vosges in France. From 1914 dates the first British attempt at military skiing. The McGill University O. T. C. mustered a ski detachment, a tradtion which is maintained by the Canadian Army. During the winter manoeuvres of 1934 Canadian ski units, training in the Laurentians displayed to great advantage their tactical abilities."



HOME-MAKER HANDS

(Continued from Page 4.)

mysteriously. Hazel looked at them questioningly.

"Josie and I were on opposite sides," explained Johnny.

"And every one but us was spelled down," put in Josie.

"We spelled for half an hour and neither missed a word so the teacher called it a tie," continued Johnny.

"We won," cried Josie. The twins laughed and Hazel joined in. It seemed all so funny.

"Wait until dinner to tell mother. That will chase away her gloomy thoughts. Oh, dear, look at the time. We must hurry."

Directly the three became busy as bees gathering honey. Johnny rushed out to bring in the wood and kindling. Josie helped eagerly in the kitchen. They set the table with mother's finest linen and best silver ware.

"This is a special occasion," voiced Josie.

"We want it to be, don't we, dear. Mother hasn't eaten at the table for so long."

"It'll be grand to have her won't it, Hazel." Josie gave her older sister an enthusiastic hug.

* * *

"COME right in. Come right in." Dad Kinney's cheerful hospitable voice sounded on the porch.

"Dad has brought some one home with him," whispered Josie her eyes blazing with excitement. It is going to be a very special occasion."

Hazel nodded as she beat the potatoes to a fluffy whiteness.

The next minute Dad Kinney was introducing a tall sunburned lad. Hazel noted the look of gladness in his blue eyes. She liked his whimsical grin. There was an out-doorsy-look about him that was pleasing. John Smith was his name.

"Dinner nearly ready?" asked Dad Kinney. "Umm, that's good. Johnny you show John where to wash up. I'll go in and say, hello to your mother." Then as if suddenly struck by a surprising discovery he stopped still and looked about. "What has happened," he wanted to know. "This isn't the same kitchen we have been living in for a month."

"Hazel scrubbed it, Dad. Doesn't it look grand."

"Certainly it is a great improvement. Let me see your hands, dear daughter." He caught them in his own big ones. "Uh huh! As I thought all the time—homemaker hands." And he kissed the back of her right hand.

Hazel blushed, but she was happy. It was pleasant experience to win her family approval.

She told him briefly of her plan to have her mother out to dinner.

"Fine. I'll do my best to coax her out of bed."

"Don't coax, Dad," said Johnny. "Just carry her out."

"That I will."

Hazel began putting the dinner plates upon the table.

The youth had returned to the kitchen.

"It is certainly wonderful to be in a pleasant home like this after the hoboing I have been doing the last six months," he said.

Josie's mouth flew open. Her eyes grew big.

"Are you a hobo?" she asked.

He nodded. She stared a moment then burst into speech.

"Well you don't look like a hobo. I thought hobos had stubby beard, funny looking clothes and smelled like limberger cheese."

"Josie," exclaimed Hazel adding, "She means a tramp. One came to our door not long ago asking for food."

The youth laughed. "I'm indebted to your Dad for a bath, hair cut and shave and these clean clothes. You see this bump". He tipped his head down. "I got that trying to jump off a through-going freight train this morning. I rolled down the embankment and landed in a mud hole. Your father dragged me out. Here I am. I'm grateful. I'll show you how much some day."

Josie's mouth flew open. Her eyes grew big.

"Are you a hobo?" she asked.

He nodded. She stared a moment then burst into speech.

"Well you don't look like a hobo. I thought hobos had stubby beard, funny looking clothes and smelled like limberger cheese."

"Josie," exclaimed Hazel adding, "She means a tramp. One came to our door not long ago asking for food."

The youth laughed. "I'm indebted to your Dad for a bath, hair cut and shave and these clean clothes. You see this bump". He tipped his head down. "I got that trying to jump off a through-going freight train this morning. I rolled down the embankment and landed in a mud hole. Your father dragged me out. Here I am. I'm grateful. I'll show you how much some day."

Hazel turned towards him appealingly:

"Tell about it at dinner. It will please mother. She isn't well. We must cheer her somehow."

The girl was lovely and earnest and so unconscious of herself.

"I'll do my best," promised the youth.

They padded a big chair with pillows and a blanket. Dad carried mother out and placed her into it tenderly tucking the blanket about her.

"Oh, this is wonderful," she exclaimed with tears in her eyes. "To be again with my family." Her face beamed happily. She looked about the kitchen. "So this was what you were doing. How much the room is improved!"

The dinner was a jolly success. Cheerful chatter filled their minds with pleasant thoughts. While they ate heartily of the wholesome food. Hazel was a splendid cook.

After dinner they fell to planning. Well, Dad Kinney started it off by saying:

"We must make this old house more livable. Hazel has made a good start on this kitchen."

"Dad if you could afford a few cans of paint I would decorate it. That would be fun."

"A Dutch kitchen would be a great help," suggested Mrs. Kinney.

"That's right I'll have to find a carpenter."

John Smith spoke up.

"Here sits one who would be mighty glad to put in a Dutch kitchen."

"Could you build one," asked Mr. Kinney doubtfully.

"Yes, sir, and economically too. I've helped Dad put in several."

So that is how it all came about that the Kinneys rejuvenated that old kitchen until it was as bright, cheery and convenient as any modern kitchen. And because they did most of the work themselves there was no great strain on Dad Kinney's purse. Mrs. Kinney filled with a new interest grew daily better as from her place in a big chair, she watched the work. She was not idle. Her hands were busy going through magazines and her fertile brain thought out suggestions that helped the work along.

Hazel's grand idea had been a great success.

THE QUARREL

The needle and the cotton had often worked together;
Perhaps it was their tempers, and possibly the weather;
But anyhow, they quarrelled, and both their tongues ran loose,
And each upon the other began to shower abuse.
"You think you're very clever, and very sharp, I trow,"
The cotton to the needle said, "but this I'll have you know,
That one thing's very certain, as clear as it can be,
It's really very little you *could* manage without me."
"Just listen," said the needle, "Your conceit is really shocking,
Without *me* not a stitch you'd do, not even darn a stocking,
And certainly, I've noticed,—about this there's no doubt,
That when into a hole you get I have to pull you out."
Oh fie, you silly creatures, your passions quickly smother;
Each one to be of use in life, depends upon the other.
To help the weak to stand erect, and overcome at length,
Shoulder to shoulder we must work, for "unity is strength."—Ex.

HEAVEN ON EARTH

In every day are shreds of joy—
For you, if you'll but find them;
And seeds that long to turn to flowers—
For you, if you'll but mind them!
Though all the world's a wealth of love—
For you, if you'll but take it;
And life may be a heaven on earth—
For you, if so you'll make it!

—*Ierne Ormsby in Woman's Magazine.*

Northern Messenger

WEEKLY

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall, (1855-7). Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger, Present title adopted, 1876

Printed and published by

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm)

at 360 Craig St. W., Montreal, Canada.

A Christian adventure for the whole family the Northern Messenger has for several generations been loved by young and old.

Interdenominational in its sympathies it is *free to serve* all Christians.

Entertaining, informing, inspiring, the heart and purpose of the Messenger is to declare the Gospel of Jesus, the power of God unto Salvation, and its challenge to Christian faith and living.

Subscription Rates Elsewhere
or on application.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

JULY 12, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Thine is the Kingdom, O Lord.—1 Chron. 29:11.

Mon. : Whose Kingdom is everlasting.—Dan. 4:27.

Tue. : The good seed are the children of the Kingdom.—Matt. 13:38.

Wed. : It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.—Luke 12:32.

Thu. : Inherit the Kingdom prepared for you.—Matt. 25:34.

Fri. : My Kingdom is not of this world.—John 18:36.

Sat. : Rich in faith, heirs of the Kingdom.—Jas. 2:5.

Where peace is not
God cannot come;
Where God is not
Peace cannot come.

We are judged, not by the degree of light, but by fidelity to the light we have.—Channing.

Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely imbedded and preserved.—R. C. Trench.

REAL FREEDOM

There are two freedoms—the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.—Charles Kingsley.

His Challenge to Us Today

EVERY time we allow ourselves to be controlled by the Spirit of the living Christ, and seek to know and to do His will in the ordinary things of our every-day lives, we are helping to hasten the day of His triumph.

Let us be honest and courageous enough to ask ourselves: For which side are we fighting? Jesus said: "He that is not with Me is against Me."

Have we ever definitely decided to accept the Leadership and Lordship of Christ, and to place our **all** at His disposal and under His control? Or have we perhaps been praying that His Kingdom might come, and yet have not been willing for it to be established in our own hearts?

Have we been asking that God's will might be done upon the earth as it is in heaven, and yet not sought to do His will in the affairs of our own lives?

Have we been content to sing, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun doth his successive journeys run," and yet refused to allow Him to reign supreme in the business, social, home, and special spheres of our own lives?

His challenge to us in these days is to a more complete surrender of all we have, and all we are, and all we hope to be, until every department of our human existence is brought into subjection to Himself.

God grant that we may allow Him to take perfect **possession** of us, to cleanse and transform us, to guide and direct us, that through us He may go forth to cause the kingdoms of this world to become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, so that He may reign for ever and ever.—Ronald S. Day.

PRAYER

If we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us and if we know that He heareth us, we know that we have the petition that we have desired of Him.—1 John 5:14, 15.

We receive the answer by faith but we must also hold on to it by faith unwavering and determined, or we may yet lose it before it comes to open fruition. We ask for a beautiful flower; the answer may be a tiny seed which faith must plant and tend with every care and constant hope and love.

* * *

"And for the men in space who fly—
To scan, to serve, to do or die,
Make them to feel Thy present care.
In the vast loneliness of air—
For those in peril, Lord, today,
On land, on sea, in air, we pray."

SOWING FOR ETERNITY

Do all the good you can (Eccles. 9:10),
In every way you can (Matt. 5:16),
To all the people you can (Gal. 6:10),
In every place you can (Acts 10:38),
At all times you can (I Cor. 15:58),
In the quietest way you can (Matt. 6:3-4),
For the sowing time will soon be gone.
—Selected.

Well said the wisdom of earth, O mortal, know thyself;
But better the wisdom of heaven, O man, learn thou Thy God.
—Martin F. Tupper.

THE FINAL TEST

"The final test of religion is not righteousness but love, not what I have done, not what I have believed, not what I have achieved, but how I have discharged the common charities of life." "To be capable of steady friendship and lasting love is the greatest proof, not only of goodness of heart, but of strength of mind."—From the Diary of Guy Bullen.

There is but one failure, and that is, not to be true to the very best one knows.—Canon Farrar.

GIVE YOURSELF WITH YOUR PRAYER

A FRIEND writes: "I used to pray that God would bless the world and my friends and myself according to set patterns that I laid out for Him. The longer I prayed the higher my faith rose and I very often gave thanks for answers to prayer that had come almost exactly on the lines I had laid out. But, it came to me one day that I was asking God to do my way, and that if I really wanted His will I should be content that it come in His own way. So I ceased my long prayers and began asking just that God's will should be done for and in each friend as I mentioned them and in each circumstance as I held it wordlessly before God. But sometimes I felt that that method tended to laziness of thought and prayer on my part.

I feel that we have found a better way now. When I pray for this one and that, I ask God to take out of my heart anything that could possibly hinder the answer to my prayer, and to show me what I can do to help to bring the answer according to the will of my Saviour. "If we ask anything according to His will He heareth us."

Young People's Bible Reading

A Good Man Restored

by BEREAN

For Sunday
JULY 21, 1940.
Job 42:1-13

THE Book of Job is a "drama" though it was never intended for the stage. Indeed any attempt to "stage" it would detract from its grandeur.

But picture the scene in your mind. We are in an oasis in the Arabian Land of Uz. Palm trees rise around us. In the background is an Eastern city. Above arches a sky of cloudless blue. At night it is studded with stars, gleaming larger and brighter than they do in our northern latitudes. Through the day the sun marches overhead in almost intolerable splendor.

In the immediate foreground are seated the four grand old men, Job and his three friends, pursuing their great debate. Now and then passers by stay and listen to their discourse.

Note the structure of the argument. Job speaks. He is answered by Eliphaz. He replies and is answered by Bildad. He replies again and is answered by Zophar. Then there is a second cycle of speeches, Job-Eliphaz, Job-Bildad, Job-Zophar.

Then there is a third cycle. In this series in our Bibles there is no speech from Zophar. Many commentators suggest that the words, "Then answered Zophar . . . and said," originally preceded 27:11-23, but were omitted by some early copyist.

The Treasure of Wisdom

CHAPTER 28 looks like a sort of interlude between two parts of the "drama." It gives us a picture of mining in ancient times. Gold and silver and jewels are gained through the courage and enterprise of the miner. But there is a treasure of infinitely greater value. Where and how are men to get wisdom? The majestic answer comes,

Behold the fear of the Lord, that is
wisdom:
And to depart from evil is understanding.

There follows a final speech of Job in which he sadly contrasts his former happy lot with his present misery. Then in dignified terms but without passion, he denies the many accusations which his friends have brought against him.

Remember that twice (1:8, 2:3) the Almighty Himself has borne witness to the goodness of Job.

"Job's virtues are those of a great Arab prince, such as are admired still: namely, blameless family life, consideration of the poor and weak, charity, modesty, and generosity concerning wealth, pure religion (according to his creed), the absence of vindictive feelings, hospitality to strangers, fearless honesty and just dealings." (Dummelow)

A little prose section introduces another speaker. A young man named Elihu mounts the ash heap and half daringly, half apologetically presents his judgment. He leans to the "orthodox" position taken by Job's friends.

As Elihu discourses there are signs across the desert of a rising storm. This leads him to speak of the greatness and majesty of God. (36:26—37:24) Meanwhile the storm increases, the sands are driven before the wind, the trees bend and sway, men run for shelter or lie flat on their faces. Thunder rolls and crashes, the thick darkness is only broken by vivid flashes of lightning.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme or plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

* * *

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail cries,
The world confess its sin—

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

* * *

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

—*John G. Whittier.*

"Out of the whirlwind"

"THEN the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind and said—"

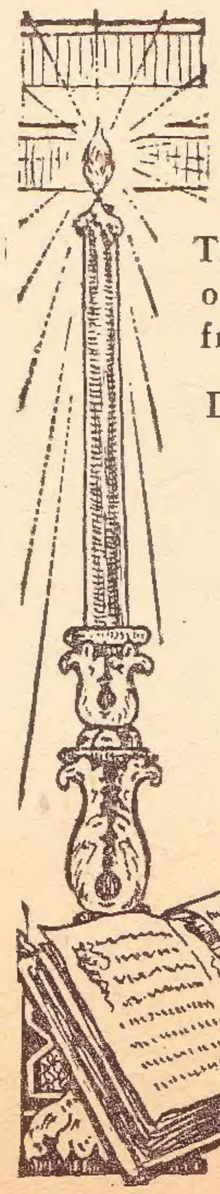
Read chapters 38-40. They are about the wonderful ways of God in nature. They tell us that the sea and the stars, the snow and the rain, the fruitful fields and the deserts alike are God's. He guides the stars on their way. He cares for the beasts and the birds. He even causes it to rain in places "where no man is." (Comp. Luke 12:24-28; Matt. 6:26-30)

It is He that has made "behemoth"—the elephant or the hippopotamus, and "leviathan"—the crocodile. There is that magnificent picture of the war-horse.

Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?
The glory of his nostrils is terrible.
He paweth in the valley
And rejoiceth in his strength:
He goeth on to meet the armed men,
He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted;
Neither turneth he back from the sword.
The quiver rattleth against him,
The glittering spear and the shield,
He swalloweth the ground
With fierceness and rage:
Neither believeth he
That it is the sound of the trumpet,
He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha;
And he smelleth the battle afar off,
The thunder of the captains,
And the shouting. (Temple Bible)

All is not explained to Job as all is not "explained" to us. But he is shown that God is great, that God is good..

We know,—what Job did not know, —that "the all-great is the all-loving too," that God "bears our griefs and carries our sorrows" and is doing His best all the time for us and for His world.



Memory Verse

The Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends. Job 42:10.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

FROM JULY 15 TO JULY 21

Mon.—Job 42:1-6
Tue.—Job 42:7-9
Wed.—Job 42:10-17
Thu.—Joel 2:9-11
Fri.—Luke 24:44-49
Sat.—Acts 26:14-20
Sun.—Psalm 126:1-6

Take Courage, Teacher!

"TWO years ago Bertie was just eight years old. From the time he entered school till then he was really a problem child—not only to the teacher, but to everyone with whom he came in contact. The school medical officer said he was M.D., and left it at that. Bertie had a dreadful stammer, a very pronounced shaking in his limbs and his mouth was usually wide open. Along with this he seemed to be exceedingly wicked, and the policeman hardly missed a day in getting after him for something or other.

"At school the trouble was the same. He was severely punished, but with no result; then he was bribed to be good, but this also was of no avail. He either would not or could not do anything, so I gave up trying and left him severely alone.

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity. At this time through contact with a gymnastic teacher, my life was changed. In a quiet time of meditation and prayer it came very strongly that Bertie was to be my first job. What a colossal task, I thought, and tried to question it.. Just the old, selfish and unloving 'me' trying to get uppermost, but the new 'me' won, through prayer and discipline.

"Quiet times were started with the children. At first they were somewhat amazed, but after a day or so the sharing of thoughts started, but no response from Bertie — only annoyance. The children paid no attention and during the second week the miracle happened. Bertie's face changed, his eyes sparkled, and he shared a thought without stammering. Needless to say, teacher and class were amazed, but delighted.

"Since then, he has become a new boy. A public concert was being given in school. On the day of the function, Teddy, who was to recite 'The Boys We Need' was absent. When volunteers were called for, Bertie offered, and that evening he repeated the whole poem in public without a stutter! Bertie is now happy, diligent and trustworthy—a real joy to the complete community."—*Perthshire Constitutional.*

A GOOD MAN RESTORED

(Continued from Page 7.)

"We . . . see in the poem, as a whole, questionings divinely prompted, to which the Incarnation is the Divine response. We can no longer think of suffering as merely eveil, now that the Son of God has 'endured the cross', personal immortality is no longer a mere gleam of hope, now that our Lord has risen for our 'justification.' Job's despairing cry for a 'daysman' between himself and God is fulfilled far beyond Job's utmost thought in Him who 'took the manhood into God'; and bore our sorrows and revealed the very heart of the Father." (Temple Bible)

We come to our special study, Chapter 42, Job was a good man but it is the best of men who, when they come to know God the All-holy, the All-good, most feel their unworthiness.

Job had found his way to the living God. He thinks of the foolish things he has said and cries out,

I had heard of thee by the hearing of
the ear;
But now mine eye seeth thee;
Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent
In dust and ashes.

Abhor myself—"loathe my words." (R.M.) Under the vision of God Job "repents" but it is no mere formal "repentance" like that prescribed by his friends.

Sometimes it is only "out of the whirlwind" that God can speak to us. But better that than that we should be forever deaf to His voice.

"The Endurance of Job"

JOB had been impatient but his very impatience sprang from his difficulty in reconciling God's goodness with the misfortunes that had almost overwhelmed him. Through all his affliction he had held his integrity. He had proved in the face of "the Satan" that a man can "serve God for nought" and that there are things dearer than life.

God rebuked Job's friends "for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right as my servant Job hath." This may sound strange to us when we think of all Job's wild words. But God understood him.

The three friends had really dishonored God's cause in professing to defend it. By shutting their eyes to truth they had done more to discredit God's providence than Job in his terrible sincerity.

Much harm may be done by championing God in a wrong way, by using wrong methods to "justify the ways of God to men."

So the friends came to Job and acknowledged their error. "And the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends." All misunderstandings were buried, all ill-will forgotten.

The Book has a "happy ending." All Job's friends and relatives who had deserted him in his trouble came back to him in his restoration and helped to re-establish his fortunes. Don't let us despise them. I think like all the characters in the book they had learned to see deeper into things.

"And the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. . . . The Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning." Job lived happily to a great age. His period of trouble was only a short episode in his long life.

But the great thing that came to Job was of more worth than any material prosperity. No life can be perfect without the discipline of suffering. It is said even of the Lord Jesus that He was "made perfect through sufferings." (Heb. 2:10)

"Let us do right, and whether happiness come or unhappiness is no very mighty matter. If it come, life will be sweet; if it do not come, life will be bitter—bitter not sweet, and yet to be borne. . . . The well-being of our souls depends only on what we *are*, and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good, and steady scorn of evil. . . . Happiness may fly away, pleasure pall or cease to be obtainable, wealth decay, friends fail; . . . but the power to serve God never fails, and the love of Him is never rejected."—(J. A. Froude)

We would make a serious mistake if we thought that the Book of Job teaches a fatalistic surrender to misfortune for ourselves, for our nation or for the world. That would come very near "renouncing God." Trust in God means courage and endurance and confidence that if we do our part bravely He will bring us through.

We sometimes speak of the "patience of Job", but the word should be "steadfastness." "See, we call the steadfast happy; you have heard of the steadfastness of Job, and you have seen the end of the Lord with him, seen that the Lord is very compassionate and pitiful." (Jas. 5:11 Moffatt) Steadfastness has won many a war. We need it almost more than anything else in these anxious days.

Questions

1. "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear——" Complete the verse.
2. If Job was a good man why did he "repent"?
3. "And the Lord turned the captivity——" Complete the verse.
4. What is meant by "turning the captivity"?
5. Was the restoration of Job's fortune his greatest blessing?
6. What is meant by the "patience" of Job?
7. Does "endurance" mean that we are to give up the struggle for better things.

(For Answers See Page 12.)

Give the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you.—Celia Thaxter.

The Book of Jonah

Jonah's pity for the gourd is made an image of God's pity for Nineveh. We are taught that man may trust his nobler instincts as being true revelations of God, and from his own compassion argue upwards to find such qualities in perfection there.

Though He is so bright, and we so dim,
We are made in His image to witness Him.

Nowhere else in the O.T. is there so close an approximation to the great saying of 1 John 4:7: "For love is of God and everyone that loveth is begotten of God and knoweth God."

This little book of forty-eight verses is of priceless value, and will remain so as long as men need to learn what God thinks of the teeming masses in the world's great cities, and what we ought to think of them, and how God judges us for our judgment of them." (Dummelow)

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot,
Rose plot,
Fringed pool, ferned grot.
The veriest school
Of peace, and yet the fool
Contends that God is not.
Not God? In gardens? When the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign,
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

Rock Gardens

ROCK GARDENS are used to transform some difficult portion of a garden into a spot of unusual beauty and charm. Where the ground slopes away so rapidly that rains wash away the soil and grass will not grow, the new kind of gardening helps, and it also forms a pleasing connection for rough land leading up to woodland at the back of the garden proper. But it is really not necessary to have such an excuse and against walls, at the edges of lawns or at the back of the lot one can always make a rock garden.

These special plots are made to resemble miniature alpine ranges, and in them alpine flowers are grown. Such are usually tiny short sprawly things, that require little moisture during most of the year. They are specially listed in the better seed catalogues. To hold the sharply sloping soil, fair size rocks of the roughest possible nature, preferably weather boulders, are buried to about two thirds their depth irregularly throughout the slope. Good pockets of sandy soil are arranged between the rocks. The flowers find a foothold here and trail over the boulders.

Shrubbery and trees are arranged as background for these rock gardens. An odd tree or bush near the middle will do no harm as most of the rock plants are accustomed to some shade.

The Wedding Ring

AS A symbol of the most important moment in a woman's life, the wedding ring is the sign and seal to her cherished status of wife.

Many curious customs have grown up through the ages. Changes of fantastic qualities have evolved in the development of civilization, but the use of the wedding ring has persisted since the dawn of civilized peoples.

Prior to modern marriage ceremonies, the betrothal rite, with its presentation of the betrothal ring and signing of betrothal contracts, was a more important ceremony than the actual marriage.

The betrothal ring, in many instances, was used as the wedding ring and was changed from the left or betrothal hand to the right or marriage hand at the wedding.

This custom of wearing wedding rings on the right hand still is in effect in many European countries and originated in the old belief that the left hand stems from the heart while the right hand is the head or executive hand. When one considers the multiple duties of wifehood that old superstition seems to have considerable basis.

* * *

WITH the development of more modern civilizations the betrothal ring became symbolic of the financial status of the groom-to-be and, perhaps more importantly, was indicative of the depth of his feeling for his fiancee. This, of course, was a very normal parallel to the increasing prevalence of free choice in marriage as opposed to the older customs of arranged marriages.

With the scope for symbolizing sentiment that the new custom offered, engagement ring design was a matter of individual choice. Precious stones, rubies, emeralds, sapphires and diamonds, used singly or in clusters and worn on the left hand have been used during the last century. Of them all, however, the solitaire diamond quickly became the piece de resistence in the choice of engagement rings.

When wedding rings first came into common use after the Reformation in England it was customary to engrave sentiments or couplets on the outside of the ring.

Many of the inscriptions were religious in character, others sentimental. However, the element of humor was not lacking in many of those old engravings.

Today's practice of simply recording the initials of the bride and groom together with the date of the wedding on the inside of the ring is comparatively modern.—Montreal Gazette.

"NO ROOM"

If thou could'st empty all thyself of self,
Like to a shell disinhabited,
So might He find thee on the ocean's shelf,
And say: "This is not dead",
And fill thee with Himself instead.

But thou art all so full of very thou,
And hast such shrewd activity,
That when He comes, He says:
"This is enow
Unto itself. 'Twere better let it be;
It is so small and full, there is no room for Me."

—Thompson.

Meaning of Astrology

ASTROLOGY is the so-called "science" of reading the fate of human beings in the stars. Astrology has a very long history; the first attempts to read the future by this means were made by the Babylonians, and thence spread to India and China. It reached Europe in the Middle Ages, and became so prevalent that, in the fifteenth century, no court was complete without its astrologer. Most of the monarchs of those days had the stars read before they started upon any plan or fight, says London Answers Magazine. Astrology must not be confused with astronomy, which is the science and study of the heavenly bodies and their relation to the earth. This also was a subject studied by the ancient races, and as early as the seventh century B.C., students began to separate the true science of astronomy from the pseudo-science of astrology.

Klipspringers

AFRICAN antelopes, known as klipspringers, rank among the smallest and most interesting of antelopes, standing less than two feet at the shoulder. Extremely nimble, they climb upward in the mountains with great speed, agility and sureness of foot, while in downward leaps they safely negotiate gaps of thirty feet from one rocky ledge to another, steadied upon landing by their cup-shaped "non-skid" hoofs.—Ridgewood Herald.

Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images, which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory. Nothing can be made of nothing; but he who has laid up no material can produce no combinations.—Sir J. Reynolds.

DEAR CHUMS,—

As I write this I have already received one fine letter on "What Dominion Day Means to Me"—from a new Chum, which shows that this is a subject that appeals to all and will draw new friends into our Chums' Circle. I fancy there will be some quite keen competition, so get set and ready! We cannot print any of the letters just yet until it is decided how long the Contest will run. We should like to leave it open for the whole month of July, so that those of you who have been too busy with school closing, or moving to the country will still have a chance to write after you get settled down for the summer. You may have gained some very valuable ideas from noticing how Dominion Day was observed, reading articles or stories in the different papers you see dealing with Dominion Day.

It has been suggested by someone that a very good way to show our gratitude for living in a free and peaceful country is to open our hearts and homes to the refugees who are coming from war-torn lands. That is a splendid idea. "God loveth a cheerful giver" and one of the best ways we can show our gratitude for what has been given to us is to give out to others who have less. Sharing is more fun than hoarding. "If everybody cared enough and everybody shared enough, wouldn't everybody have enough?"

Keep on the watch for news of refugees in your local papers or announcements in Church, school or Sunday School. Capable people are taking responsibility for keeping track of the arrival of refugees and letting the public know when they come and what their needs are. Our business is to be prepared and lose no time doing what we can to meet those needs. Christianity has been said to be "the science of the possible." Let us not be dreamy or impractical about this job. Let us every one, think out exactly what we can possibly afford and what we can do, and then offer our services at once.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

To Margaret Evans from Rhoda
Rennehan, N.S.

Dear Margaret,—This is my first letter to the Northern Messenger. And I enjoy it very much. I am fourteen years old. My birthday is August 27. Have I a twin? I like to read. My favorite books are 'Heidi' and 'Andy Grant'. My favorite sports are swimming, playing basketball and skating. I have three brothers and three sisters. Did you see the King and Queen when they visited Canada? Yours sincerely,
—Rhoda Rennehan, N.S.

P.S.—I would like to have a letter from Aunt Ruth herself as well as all the other pen-pals.—R.R.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I am a little girl nine years old. My birthday is Feb. 4. I go to Sunday School and get the Northern Messenger and like to read the letters. For a pet I have a cat. Her name is Lucky. I go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Snow. Rhoda is my sister. She wrote a letter to the Chums' pgae. I would like to have a pen pal of my age to write to. A new pen-pal,—Lillian Rennehan, N.S.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to your most interesting page; but I hope I may write many more.

We have recently started a Sunday School in our community and we get the Northern Messenger. Everyone here likes it very much.

I am fourteen years old and my birthday is on September 13th. I have two brothers and four sisters. My parents own a limestone quarry, but I think my father, who is a returned soldier, is going away to help guard our country. I will be in Second Form in High School after holidays.

We live in a little settlement in the Bruce Peninsula in Ontario. I recently won a third prize of a silver dollar for writing an essay on the peninsula.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

This Week's Star Correspondent

RUTH WINGER

Honorable Mention

Joy Hilditch

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"He did kind things so kindly,
It seemed his heart's delight
To make poor people happy
From morning until night."

—Wilfred T. Grenfell.

Won't we all be grateful when this war is over and Hitler is checked? I am glad we live in a free country, aren't you, chums?

I must close now, hoping to get letters from some of you. With best of luck,—Joy Hilditch, Ont.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to your page. I am a girl of ten years old. My average in Fifth this spring was 97.3, and was I thrilled! Last year my teacher was Miss MacKinnon. Next term we are to have Miss Phillips.

For a pet I have got a small kitten. Its name is Fluffy. I did not see the King and Queen when they were in Canada. We had at school a big book of pictures of the King and Queen. I wish that other Chums would write to me. A new chum,—Geraldine Hopkins, N.S.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I have just finished reading the Northern Messenger and decided to write to you.

I am 13 years old and my birthday is on September 29th. Have I a twin? I have brown curly hair, greyish-green eyes and am 5 feet 4 inches tall.

In September, I shall be going to High School. I passed with 817. My favorite subjects are history, spelling, geography and English. On Saturday, June 15 I tried a Theory examination in music and received 91 marks. Once I won an oratorical contest at school. I spoke on Cleopatra. My favorite pastime is reading. I am reading "The Old Curiosity Shop" now. It is very interesting. Other books I have enjoyed are "The Three Musketeers" by Dumas, and "The Scarlet Pimpernel" by Baroness Orczy. I am corresponding with girls in New Zealand and India.

This year, I expect to go to Elmvale, Galt, Waubaushine and Bala.

At school we play baseball, football. Today, the persons who didn't have to write their final examinations, stopped school, and am I ever glad we stopped!

I have a sister named Helen, who is 10 years of age and a brother, Stanley, who is 12.

It is getting late and I shall have to close now. Hoping that you all enjoy your holidays. Lovingly,—Ruth Winger.

P.S.—Chums, don't forget to write to me. I'll answer all letters.

Ans.—I appreciate your very interesting letter. Glad you like good books. Best of luck.—A.R.

A Queer Nesting Place

MOST of you at one time or another have had a robin's nest in your garden, for the little redbreast is a friendly soul and seems to like to build his home near dwellings.

Perhaps he knows what an engaging little fellow he is and feels the tit-bits provided by his admirers will come in useful when he is tackling the serious business of rearing a hungry family!

For a good many years two robins built their nest in an outhouse at my home, popping in and out through a tiny space at the top of the door, which we always kept shut so that cats could not get in.

It was great fun to peep in and see the pretty speckled eggs and then the four or five fledglings with their great yellow mouths wide open. The mother bird never stirred from her eggs when we were there and later on would flit in and out with food for her hungry family, without bothering about us at all!

Robins often choose a really funny place to build their home: once a gardener found a nest in the spokes of his wheelbarrow, while another actually discovered a nest in the pocket of an old coat!

But I think the queerest place I've heard of was the "cubby-hole" in front of the driver's seat in a car! Moreover, the car was used while the hen-bird was hatching her eggs and tending her young ones—in fact, the driver reckoned that Mrs. Robin travelled about 1,200 miles with him.

He always left one window of his car open a little way, and when the car was in the garage the cock-bird flew in and out with food for his mate and then the young ones.

When the car was taken out, poor Mr. Robin was *very* puzzled, and sat all day in the garden with his beak full of flies, patiently waiting for the car to return. And when he saw it come up the path, how excited he got!

When the baby birds were hatched, and the car went on its journeys, Mother Robin fed the family from a little "larder" in one of the pockets in front of the car. She was quite unconcerned in the busiest street, but whenever the driver put his hand on the switch-key near her nest, she attacked it, evidently feeling that was too near her precious family!

Not till the young robins had their wing-feathers did they leave the car—after being some of the most-travelled baby birds that ever were hatched!
—C.E.N.

"What makes the milk look so blue?"

"Being separated from the cream."

PRIZES FOR ALL

EDITH BRANDIS

MRS. CHANNING and Mrs. May planned a party for Billy and Sue, whose birthdays came a day apart.

"I will freeze ice cream," said Mrs. May.

"And I will make angel food," said Mrs. Channing. "Let's have the party in our back yard because of the low tables there."

"And what shall we do for entertainment?" asked Mrs. May.

"Perhaps Mrs. Sayre will show the children how to draw some of those funny animals. It's too hot for really active games."

When they asked Mrs. Sayre, she agreed at once. "But we won't get the children into any competition. It makes the little ones so unhappy when prizes are given, and they don't get any."

Mrs. Channing went home thinking about the matter of competition and the giving of prizes.

The day of the party came. The four- to five-year-olds in scant cool playsuits gathered in the shady yard.

Mrs. Sayre distributed big sheets of paper and packs of crayons. She said, "Take your prettiest colors and do as I do."

She gave them brief instructions on the basic form of a bird. She showed them by stroke after stroke of color. Line by line they followed as she led.

The fact that each child used his favorite colors insured that the birds would be different.

True, each bird had a body with legs, wings, head and tail. But one was red with purple wings and grey head; another grey with black legs and black wings and a red head and tail; one was purple with orange dots and wild yel-

(Please turn to Page 14.)

It was only a song that was wafted,
So sweet o'er the sighing air,
Yet it cheered some heart that was filled with pain,
And burdened with deep despair;
And an angel wrote at the set of sun
The beautiful deed that there was done.
—Willard A. Dessain.

And there are bells at evening
That ring unseen their song.
In good men's hearts, their music starts
And swelleth on and on.
'Tis Love stands at the bell-ropes,
And plays the carillon.
—Edward W. Evans.

"STRAWBERRY GIRL"

H. M. C. S. FRASER

MOST of our readers will already have heard of the sinking of H.M.C.S. Fraser off Bordeaux, France, with the loss of something like forty-five lives.

The Fraser had been assisting in the rescue of refugees from France. It is one of the risks of war-time that ships often have to carry on without their lights. It was apparently through working under these difficult conditions that the collision occurred through which the Fraser was sunk.

Canada is as yet hardly aware of herself as a naval power, but since the beginning of the war her ships have been doing excellent service in co-operation with the British Navy. Canada's men stood the test in accord with the best naval tradition. There was no panic.

On the part of the Fraser which kept afloat, a young fellow, Maurice Boileau of Montreal led his shipmates in singing till they were rescued. On board this part of the ship was a load of depth charges. A. L. Jones, of White Rock, B.C., managed to get to these and render them harmless so that explosion and fire would not add their horrors to the disaster. A second Canadian ship was skilfully brought alongside the wreck and at the risk of enemy attack, turned on all her searchlights to aid in the work of rescue. The Commander of this ship sent a party on board the wreck to get the money and official records from the Fraser's safe. Then the wreck was sunk, that it might not add to the perils of navigation.

The whole of Canada will sorrow in sympathy with the homes that have been bereaved in the loss of this Canadian ship and will honor the memory of those who gave their lives in the service of their country and its Cause.

Only a little while ago the young men who manned the Fraser and the rescue ship, were ordinary Canadian citizens with nothing to distinguish them from many thousands of others. But when the occasion came they rose to it. Emerson reminds us that,

> So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
> The youth replies, "I can."

The devotion of our soldiers, sailors and airmen should lead us to like devotion, so that no matter at what cost to ourselves, the reign of tyranny and violence may be overthrown and justice and freedom restored to a suffering world.

A MOULDER OF CITIZENS

TRULY, these are tremendous times, when one's soul pours out in gratitude, far too deep for adequate expression, for the knowledge that human beings can feel the touch of God. In the security of that touch we can face, unafraid, the future.

It is more, too, than overcoming fear. It is facing the future with supreme confidence of wonderful days to come.

I have felt the great throb of hearts sacrificing supremely: men in doing the parts they are guided to do, women in willingly giving up the men so dear to them.

I have no children old enough to give to the forces, but I cannot sit comfortably back to allow others to buy a safe world for my five children.

If the saving of the world our brave men are giving themselves for is to be a reality, it lies with us mothers of children too young to fight to train those children to take in the Spirit of God the responsibilities that will surely be theirs. A civilization bought at such a terrible price, the Golden Age ahead so dearly paid for today cannot come into my children's hands without their preparation for it.

It is no light matter today to be training children to become capable of accepting and preserving the peace which will come.

If today's sacrifice is to be other than cruel wastefulness, I must see to it that I do well my task as a moulder of citizens.

I face my job gravely, earnestly, but with confidence that God will continue to unfold the plan for my children's destinies.

Young mothers, the real job is ours. We have lived to see that leagues, pacts and treaties, important though they may be in International Law, are not alone adequate. The peoples of the world must know and keep the spirit of these laws.

Ours the task of today shaping the order that will emerge from this war.

E. MacKinnon.

Trust in God

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure Truth and tender care,
Who earth and Heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

—*John Wesley.*

ANSWERS TO BIBLE READING

1. "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee."
2. Because a fresh vision of the goodness and greatness of God made him realize his unworthiness.
3. "And the Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends."
4. That God restored him to prosperity and joy.
5. No. His greatest blessing was that He learned more about God and knew that God was his Friend.
6. His "steadfastness." His "endurance."
7. No. It means that we are to trust God whatever happens and to keep on struggling for the right.

Northern Messenger

A 16-Page Sunday Magazine
Published Weekly

A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

INTERDENOMINATIONAL
See further description elsewhere

To Home Addresses

Prepaid—by the Year—

Single Subscriptions ..... 80 cts.
CLUB rates to separate addresses
3 or more at 70 cts. each.
6 or more at 65 cts. each.

REDUCED PREPAID RATES

To Sunday Schools

6 or more to one address at 50c. each.
(or on yearly contract payable quarterly, 13c per quarter.)

ABOUT POSTAGE

Above rates include postage throughout Br. Empire (*except as below*).
EXTRA POSTAGE: For Greater Montreal (city of publication), Australia and oversea foreign countries 50 cts extra for single subscriptions.
For U.S.A. and Philippines 25 cts extra.
S. S. packages to such addresses by arrangement.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS PLEASE NOTE

If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official *most permanently interested*, though it may be addressed to him in C/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

Our Remarkable Introductory Offer

would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes,
Montreal, Quebec.

Keep your WITS WORKING

ODD ACCIDENTS

I saw a cowslip through the fence,
  A horsefly in the store.
I saw a board walk up the street,
  A stone step by the door.
I saw a mill race up the road,
  A morning break the gloom.
I saw the nightfall on the lawn,
  A clock run in the room.
I saw a peanut stand up high,
  A sardine box in town.
I saw a bedspring at the gate,
  An inkstand on the ground.

—Publisher Unknown.

LETTER GOLF

Change Rain into Pool with not more than five intervening letters, using common dictionary words.

Change Hand into Foot, with only four links.

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st is in tin. It isn't in brass.
My 2nd's in go. It isn't in pass.
My 3rd's in bird. It isn't in beast.
My 4th's in most. It isn't in least.
My 5th's in pan. It isn't in fry.
My 6th's in earth. It isn't in sky.
My 7th's in hover. It isn't in fly.
My whole—It's a city that's known very well.
In what country is it? Now that I won't tell:
To this spot by the waters the painted braves came
To confer and discuss. So they gave it this name.

BLINDFOLD KICKER

Rubber ball placed two or three yards from "bounds". Player is blindfold, turned round three times, brought to ball and told to kick it to bounds. If he kicks it to wrong bounds, he must try again. Other players tell him if he is hot or cold. They must tell him correctly.

RIDDLES OLD AND NEW

1. Why is the city of Athens like the wick of a candle?
2. What is taken from you before you get it?
3. What are the embers of the expiring year?
4. What is the oldest table in the world?
5. Why is a cat like a mountain when she is going upstairs?
6. What cord is full of hnots which no one can untie and no one can tie?—Sent in by Patricia B. German, Ont.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Across	*Down*
1. Cappadocia	1. Canaanites
10. Ammon	2. Among
11. Pitch	3. P.M.
13. No.	4. Pot
14. Times	5. Anim
16. He	6. Open
17. Ant	7. Cis
19. Men	8. It
20. Nor	9. Achor
21. Agag	12. Hermogenes
23. Harm	15. Menahem
24. Benaiah	18. Table
25. Isle	20. Nahor
27. Song	22. Gee
29. Toe	23. Has
30. Hem	26. Sorer
32. Roe	28. Noise
33. Er	30. Hath
34. Samoa	31. Moab
36. In	34. Sac
37. Sebat	35 Abi
39. Abase	38. Be
41. Rechabites	40. At

Riddles Old and New—1. IX. 2. Because words are always passing between them. 3. At-ten-dance. 4. Because sometimes the eyes (eyes) have it and sometimes the noes (nose). 5. One trains the mind and the other minds the train. 6. Because she forms lasses into classes.

Jumbled Waters—1. Hudson Bay. 2. Baffin Bay. 3. James Bay. 4. Melville Sound. 5. Davis Strait. 6. Hudson Strait.

Caution

Mother: I think Daddy's going to take us to the pictures, Tommy. You'd better give your face a wash.

Tommy: Hadn't we better make sure first, Mummy?

Always Out

Helen: "Does Mrs. Babber talk much?"

Janet: "Does she? You should have seen how sunburned her tongue was when she came back from Bournemouth last week."

A lady motorist was driving along a country road when she saw a couple of repair men climbing a telephone pole.

"Look!" she exclaimed, "they must think I never drove a car before."

Jim: "I have an idea."

Jim's sister: "Be good to it, Jim. It's in a strange place."

SET YOUR OWN STANDARD

Boy, write it down for your guidance
  The whole of your journey through,
Men may be richer and wiser, but none
  Can be cleaner than you.

Some may be stronger in body,
  The great feats of life they may do,
But even the genius can never be fairer
  And squarer than you.

You may be weak in your labor, for
  That is a physical test;
But in all the strong virtues of manhood
  You can equal the greatest and best.

For honor and truth have no shading,
  Different parts or degrees,
And in virtue the humblest can equal
  The mightiest man that he sees.

You may not be clever or skillful,
  You may not be strong as the few,
But if you've a mind to be honest,
  There's none can be straighter than you.

—Author Unknown.

School Howlers

"THERE are two classes of clergy—the beneficial and the unbeneficial."

"A barrister is a thing which is put in the street to keep the crowds back."

"During the Reformation every clergyman was compelled to receive thirty-nine articles."

"Queen Elizabeth never married; she had a peaceful reign."

"Oliver Cromwell was a brave, strong leader, but the greatest thing was the wart on his nose."

"St. Andrew is the patent saint of Scotland. The patent saint of England is Union Jack."

"The appendix is a part of a book for which nobody ever found a use."

"The American Government finally decided to put all the Indians in reservoirs."

"The only article of clothing worn by Gandhi is the surloin."

"In the centre of Australia there is a great deal of nothing."

"Manufacturing in Australia is of minor importance, because the natives are of a very lazy type and don't care."

PENMAN'S LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of July, 1940.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of August to Shareholders of record of the 22nd day of July, 1940.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of August to Shareholders of record of the 5th day of August, 1940.

By Order of the Board.

C. R. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal,
June 26, 1940.

PRESERVING YOUNG VEGETABLES

WHEN vegetables are very scarce and dear we appreciate bottled ones. Those of you who have plenty and to spare of young vegetables, bottle all you can. They will doubtless come in useful next winter.

Asparagus, peas, French beans, carrots, mushrooms and tomatoes may all be bottled successfully.

Vacuum or screw-topped bottles should be used, but they can be bottled in ordinary wide-necked bottles or jars corked and sealed as soon as they are done.

PEAS should be just fully grown but not at all old. It is better to bottle them young rather than when old and mealy. Shell them, being careful to reject any that are not perfect. Have ready a pan of fast-boiling water, with a dessertspoonful of salt and a tiny pinch of soda to every quart of water. Put the peas into this and boil them gently for five minutes. Strain and turn them into a bowl of cold water. When cool fill clean, dry bottles with them, shaking them well down, put a teaspoonful of salt in each bottle, and fill them quite full with hot water, in which has been dissolved a dessertspoonful of refined borax to every quart.

Put on the covers, stand the bottles in steriliser, or boiler, and pour in enough cold water to reach almost to the tops of the bottles. Bring very slowly to the boil, and let the water boil round them for two hours. If the water has dried up at all in the bottles, fill them up with boiling water before tightening the covers. Leave until cold, then store in a cool, dry place.

MUSHROOMS.—Choose small pinky mushrooms. Peel them and cut off the ends of the stalks, putting them in slightly salted water as you do so and leave them for half an hour. Drain off the water, and pack them into bottles. Add a sprinkle of pepper and half a teaspoonful of salt to each bottle. Fill with cold water and sterilise for two hours.—Exchange.

Prizes for All

(Continued from Page 11.)

low eyes. As the strange creatures began to take shape upon the paper, the children shouted with laughter.

When all the pictures were done, Billy Channing, assisted by Sue May, pinned them to the picket fence for an exhibit. Watching their joy in achievement, Mrs. Channing knew the time had come for prizes. She brought out a pack of brightly colored cards, spoke to Mrs. Sayre, who assented, and then distributed them to the children.

"We will give Jamie a prize because he is so tiny, and he put such pretty spots on his bird," she said. "Lucy gets a prize because her bird is running so fast. Jesse gets this card because he's made his bird build a nest. Buddy gets this one because his bird has such large bright eyes." And so she continued, announcing a reason in each case as she passed the gift.

After the prizes were distributed, the mothers served ice cream and cake to their little ones; then there was time to talk.

"How did you think of this idea of prizes for all?" they asked Mrs. Channing.

"I remembered that Buddy planned and gave a party of his own, one time when he was not quite six. It was a drawing party at the end of a summer during which the children of the neighborhood had drifted in and out of our house finding paper and crayons always provided so they could make pictures when they wished. At his party, which was entirely Buddy's own idea, he gave 'prizes', as he called them, to every one.

"Afterward, reviewing the summer's experience, I concluded that very young children have little sense of competition. They seldom think in terms of 'Mine is better than yours' unless they are inclined to be boastful. Dr. Doane, what do you think about this?"

"You are quite right," answered Dr. Doane, a new neighbor, who with her little boy had been invited to the party. "Discrimination is already developing at this age, but with a little encouragement it will keep hand in hand with appreciation. Educators are coming to the conclusion that it isn't wise to try to teach children the ways of the world too soon. And so, until their own group interests make it impersonal, competition should not be encouraged.

"But as group consciousness and group loyalty develop, boys and girls learn the lessons of sportsmanship, especially what it means to be a good loser and a pleasing winner. I'm sure, prizes are seldom advisable as a reward to children for individual superiority but from four to five and even up to six, as Buddy's party showed you, 'prizes for all' are greatly appreciated."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

He is Counting on You

He is counting on you!
On a love that will share
In His burden of Prayer.
For the souls He has bought
With His life blood; and sought
Through His sorrows and pain
To win home yet again.
He is counting on you.
If you fail Him—What then?

—Missionary Review of the World.

FACING THE FUTURE

I AM a mother of three children. Today the mothers of the world are facing the sacrifice of all they hold most dear: their husbands, their children and their homes. There is little left of the old securities we have counted on for so many years. Many mothers are saying, "Why bring children into the world, and what will happen to those we have?" We are fearful because of the uncertainty of the future.

We mothers want to know what we can do. Whether we are at peace or at war, *our job is to build the world of the future.* Just as a house is made up of bricks, so the world is made up of homes. Just as each brick has to be sound if the house is not to fall, so each home must be sound if all we value in our civilization is to survive.

What is the strength of a home? The unity of father, mother and children. But how do we get this unity?

In our family instead of father and mother having the first word in the morning and the last word at night, we try listening to God. As parents we must be open and honest with our children at a time like this. We find that the children get their orders straight from God. Children who know God's discipline are laying the foundations of the new world. Parents and children who today create this new unity together in the home are building for a united world tomorrow.—Marian Twitchell.

Prayer for Young Citizens

O God, our loving Father, help us truly to love and serve Thee with all our strength. Teach us, and all Thy children everywhere, to use our minds to think and work and learn. And so fit us to be good ciitzens of our own country and of Thy world-wide Kingdom, that we may take our share in working with Thee to make a happier and a friendlier world. We ask this for Thy Name's sake. Amen. — Living Message.

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, JULY 12, 1940.

DOMINION DAY IN THE ABBEY

HISTORIC Westminster Abbey presents a strange picture in war-time. Many of the monuments and tombs have been buried under sandbags. In each pew is a printed notice warning that the Abbey is not safe during an air raid and instructing worshippers that should an alarm sound during service, "the service will at once be closed with the blessing of grace, the choir will leave the Abbey with all reverent speed and proceed to their posts of duty. The congregation will leave the Abbey and take cover outside in the basement shelters of Methodist Central Hall."

In these strange surroundings, Dominion Day was celebrated for the first time in history by a service in the Abbey. Many Canadians attended, including soldiers, airmen and sailors—some of the latter being survivors of H.M.C.S. Fraser, sunk recently off Bordeaux. There were also Canadian nurses and soldiers and nurses from other Dominions. The Hon. Vincent Massey, Canadian High Commissioner, read the lesson.

The Rt. Rev. Paul de Labilliere, Dean of Westminster, in the course of his sermon, recalled many links between Canada and the Abbey.

There is the cenotaph to General Wolfe. Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, whose ships transported Wolfe and his men to Canada, is buried in the Abbey. There also lies the body of Andrew Bonar Law, only native of Canada to become Prime Minister of Great Britain. Canadians in the last war deposited their colors in the Abbey before proceeding to France and in 1918 the Dominion sent two colors to take their place in perpetuity.

"Here in our Abbey lies the body of the Unknown Warrior among kings and leaders, witness for all time to the sacrifice which saved the Empire once and will save it again," said the Dean.

The congregation sang heartily,

"I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love."

The impressive ceremony ended with "God Save the King" and "O Canada."

The Hastings branch of the Canadian Ex-Servicemen's Association observed Dominion Day by holding a service of remembrance at Heroes' Corner of Hastings Cemetery where several of Canada's dead of the last war are buried. This service was conducted by Rev. P. G. P. Cornish, formerly of Edson, Alta., and honorary chaplain of the association.

* * *

"ACROSS THE LINE"

DOMINION DAY was celebrated in New York by a gathering in the Canadian Pavilion of the World's Fair. The Hon. James A. McKinnon, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce referred to the "free exchange of citizenship, services and commerce" between the United States and Canada:

"The North American Continent is an experiment in the brotherhood of man. We shall do nothing to shatter that dream," he said.

"On the first of July, 73 years ago, Canada was united into one free Confederation of provinces, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts. We came to full and free nationhood by peaceful agreement.

"Since Canada became one nation, we, too, have grown in strength and influence. Today we are an equal partner with Great Britain herself in the British Commonwealth of Nations. Of our own free will we share with her the burdens of these tragic days.

"We differ from you to a certain extent in form of government and sometimes in outlook, but in the essentials of humanity we are as one. We both know what good neighbhorhood means, we both know what international goodwill means. We trust each other.

"Today Canada stands united, courageous and resolute to face whatever the future may bring. The great house of freedom has many mansions. You dwell in one, we dwell in another. It is my faith that the house will not fall, and the pillars will stand forever."

Mayor LaGuardia said the undefended 3,000 miles of frontier between Canada and the United States would mean nothing if there was not a feeling of "peace and happiness and neighborliness" on both sides of it.

"Fortunately, the bonds of friendship between our two countries are so strong and spontaneous that we each feel at home in the other's country."

"I cannot help thinking that the maintenance of peace on the Western Hemisphere is the hope of the world, for if we can do it here, surely people suffering from oppression will soon tire of the hardship and cruelties and power of dictators."

He said that unity of the Western Hemisphere could not be achieved on the basis of domination of one country over the others.

"We do not want a United States 'sphere of influence' any more than we would want any separate action which would tend to destroy the complete unity, teamwork and harmony of the countries of the Western Hemisphere."

The happy relations between the United States and Canada are certainly an object lesson as to what may be accomplished in an atmosphere of goodwill. The immediate task ahead of us is the defeat of the aggressor. We may accomplish this all the better if we cherish in our minds the vision of the better world we must build after the war.

Dominion Day could not have been observed better than in these services. Britain, Canada and the other Dominions have in the strange providence of God been chosen to stand in the gap against a ruthless tyranny which has overrun Europe and threatens to overrun the world.

The position of the British democracies is one of peril, but one of honor. They believe that they are "on the Lord's side" in this struggle. To be worthy of fighting on the Lord's side in such a struggle, we must get near to God in heart and mind.

Material weapons are necessary in material warfare, but there are imponderable elements on which the final issues depend. Our watchword may well be taken from one of the old Psalms of Israel:

"Be strong and He shall establish your heart; all ye that put your trust in the Lord."

(See also Page 12.)

Britain's Strength — "We Must Inspire The Nation"

"Courage in the face of danger, self-forgetfulness and sacrifice are qualities that come from complete victory over fear, and utter selflessness. And there is only one Source of these."

By Stephen Foot, D.S.O.

WHAT is the task of the Christian community at the present time? As a nation we are facing the sternest test in all our long history. Whatever the issue, the life of every man, woman and child must be profoundly affected by the response which our nation makes to the challenge of the present crisis in our affairs.

We know now what total warfare means in a material sense. Have we learnt yet the meaning of Christian total warfare? Our task is to inspire the nation. The true strength of Britain needs to be awakened if we are to survive.

Behind every gun, at the helm of every ship, in the cockpit of every aeroplane, there is a man. The best ships, the finest guns, the swiftest aeroplanes are useless without men. Beyond all these again are the workshops of Britain, the shipyards, the factories, the coal-mines. What is the spirit of all these? Even assuming a maximum mobilization there will still be forty million men, women and children on the Home Front. What is their spirit?

* * *

A FEW days ago I was talking to an officer and he was explaining to me the requirements of the Army in wartime. We need, he was convinced, the hard-drinking, roystering type, the devil-may-care officer and man, the soldier who does not care a "tinker's cuss" for God or man. If anyone gets in his way, so much the worse for him. He spoke of some of the Air Force heroes of the last war, the reckless dare-devil type, the men who were equally at home in the night-life of London or a scrap in the air. Their motto was "A short life and a merry one."

For the moment I was bluffed by his talk. I found myself thinking regretfully that the Christian qualities of abstinence, spiritual strength, faith, had no place in war, at any rate among the fighting forces. I had the kind of feeling that many of us had in the last war, that religion had better pack up so long as the war lasted. Perhaps we might begin to think about it after the war was over, but till then it had better go into cold storage.

A LITTLE more reflection made me realize what muddled thinking that is. How completely divorced from reality! Courage in the face of danger, self-forgetfulness and sacrifice, are qualities that come from complete victory over fear and utter selflessness and there is only one Source of these.

And then I remembered two V.C.s of the last war. One of them was a Brigadier-General at the time, one of the very few officers of high rank who have won this decoration. I was his Adjutant for a year, so that I had many opportunities of observing him. He was one of the most God-fearing men I have ever known, the Bible was his constant companion and he was not ashamed to be found on his knees. His life was a challenge to all of us, and as I look back now I realize how much I missed by my failure to respond.

My other friend was at school with me. By nature shy and reserved, reading the lesson in chapel was a great ordeal for him. He was one of the first officers in the Royal Flying Corps, as it was then called, to win the V.C. for a deed of great gallantry, and he rose afterwards to high rank. One evening, after the war, a number of officers were sitting in the mess engaged in the process of debunking religion. My friend was sitting quietly in the corner and said nothing until religion had been finally disposed of by practically unanimous agreement. Then he stood up and walked across to the mantelpiece. "I have been listening to you fellows," he remarked amid complete silence, "and all I want to say is this. I'm older than anyone here and I know that the only things I have done in my life that I'm proud of were done in the power of Jesus Christ."

* * *

THIS is a totalitarian war and it must be totalitarian in every sense. If we are fighting evil things then we must fight them wherever they occur, we must fight them especially in ourselves and in our national life when they show their ugly heads. As Christians our task is to inspire the nation. That has always been the task of true leaders. We need determination, calmness, unity and vision. Surely determination comes not from hatred and bitterness, but when our ultimate purpose is seen so clearly that we are unaffected by setbacks or successes. There is only one purpose great enough—God's plan in His fight against evil. Unity comes when we abandon our own plans and try to find His. True calm is the possession of a personality freed from conflict because completely satisfied by the love of Jesus Christ. Vision is the natural result of listening to God. That was the miracle of Joan of Arc when she saved France.

These have been the qualities of the greatest soldiers, especially those who inspired the deepest devotion in their men. The names of Lawrence, Gordon, Roberts, Foch leap at once to one's mind.

* * *

AS a nation we seem to need a supreme crisis before we can rise above petty bickering, yet unity is essential for victory both in the material and the spiritual world. Just before the battle of Trafalgar Nelson heard that Admiral Collingwood and Captain Rotherham were not on good terms. He called them on board his flagship. Taking Rotherham by the hand he led him up to Collingwood. "Look," said he, turning to the fleets in the distance, "yonder are the enemy. Shake hands like brave men and Englishmen, and have no more differences." The breach was healed; they were friends again.

Finally, here is the last entry in Nelson's private diary. His Flag-Lieutenant came into his cabin and found him writing it a few hours before the battle started. He was at his desk, but he was on his knees.

"May the great God, Whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him Who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen."

That is the spirit we need, not only in the fighting forces, but on the Home Front.—*C.E.N.*

"There is no hurry in eternity."